within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come up my diſh of Charity, with roſemary and bayes. *Exit.*

Boult. Come Miſtreſſe, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewell you hold ſo deare.

Mar. Prethee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thy enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of every rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Boul. What would you have me do? goe to the wars, would you, where a man may ſerve 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and have not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doſt, empty old receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe wayes are yet better than this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the gods would ſafely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter will gaine by mee, proclaime that I can ſing, weave, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues which Ile keep from boaſt, and will undertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Citie will yeeld many ſchollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult.

Band. Faith my acquaintance
ſince my maſter and miſtris hath
but by their conſent: therefore
with your purpoſe, and I doubt
ſtable enough. Come, Ile doe fo
wayes.

Enter Go

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes,
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſ
She ſings like one immortall, and
As Godeſſe-like to her admired
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, bir
That even her art, ſiſters the nat
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with
That puples lackes ſhe none of
Who powre their bounty on he
She gives the curſed Baud. Leav
And to her Father turne our tho
Where we left him at ſea, tumb
And driven before the winde, h
Heere where his daughter dwe
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: t
God *Neptunes* annuall feaſt to
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſpi
His banners ſable, trimd with r
And to him in his Barge with f
In your ſuppoſing once more p
Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this
Where what is done in action
Shall be diſcovered, pleaſe you

Enter Hellicanus,

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *H*
O here he is ſir, there is a Barge
is *Lyſimachus* the Governor, w
is your will?

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